POEMS,

CHIEFLY

RURAL.

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CHIEFLY

RURAL.

ET PARVAE NONNULLA EST GRATIA MUSAE.

MARTIAL.

By Mr. RICHARDSON,

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M.DCC.LXXV.

Cavendish Society 1775

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES SHAW, LORD CATHCART,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PEERS
OF SCOTLAND,
PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF POLICE
IN THAT PART OF THE
UNITED KINGDOM,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,
LATELY HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR,
EXTRAORDINARY AND
PLENIPOTENTIARY,
TO THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,
COMMISSIONER TO THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,
AND RECTOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M S

ARE MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE
RESPECT AND GRATITUDE
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,
AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

GLASGOW-COLLEGE,
January 12th, 1774.

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LYRIC VERSES.

LYRIC VERSES.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

EVER lovely and benign,
Endowed with energy divine,
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed
The great deſign, the heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repoſe.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her ſhafts, and wake corroding care,

Though wrathful clouds involve the ſkies,
Though lightenings glare, and ſtorms ariſe,
In vain to ſhake the guiltleſs ſoul,
Changed fortune frowns, and thunders roll.
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;
Spread, Luxury, thy coſtly board;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;
Let Sloth recline on beds of eaſe;
Admired, adored, let Beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the ſoul;
Unleſs with purifying fires
Virtue the conſcious ſoul inſpires,
In vain, to bar intruding woe,
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleaſure flow.
To me thy ſovereign gift impart,
The reſolute unſhaken heart
To guide me from the flowery way
Where Pleaſure tunes her ſiren-lay:

Deceitful

Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,
Concealed the poiſonous ſhaft prepare!
And ſhield me with thy generous pride
When Faſhion ſcoffs, and fools deride.
Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray
Miſlead my reaſon, and betray
My fancy with the gilded dream
Of hoarded wealth, and noiſy fame.
But let my ſoul conſenting flow
Compaſſionate of others woe:
Teach me the kind endearing art
To heal the mourner's broken heart,
To eaſe the rankling wounds of Care,
And ſooth the frenzy of Deſpair.
So, lovely virgin, may I gain
Admiſſion to thy hallowed fane,
Where Peace of Mind, of eye ſerene,
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,

Leads, ſmiling, thy celeſtial choir,
And ſmites the conſecrated lyre.
O may that minſtrelſy, whoſe charm
Can Rage, and Grief, and Care diſarm,
Can paſſion's lawleſs force controul,
Soothe, melt, and elevate my ſoul!

THE

THE WAIL OF ELVINA.

AN ODE.

WHAT time the ſoft-eyed ſtar of eve
Gleamed on the gently-trembling wave,
From BARA's iſle the ſighing gale
Wafted ELVINA's rueful wail.
Forlorn her lovely locks ſhe tore,
And poured her ſorrows on the deſert ſhore.

" Ye rocks," ſhe cried, " ye ſhelving caves
" Whoſe ſides the briny billow laves,
" Ye cliffs far-frowning o'er the deep,
" Ye loneſome iſles, to you I weep,
" Far diſtant from my father's halls,
" The towers of MORAN, and my native walls.

" O MORAN, are thy warriors fled;
" Diſmal and dark their narrow bed!
" Silent they ſleep! the north-wind cold
" Blows dreary o'er their crumbling mould.
" Silent they ſleep! no dawning day
" Viſits the grave, or wakes their ſhrouded clay.

" At dead of night a cry was heard——
" O why was MORAN unprepar'd?
" No watchman on the caſtle-wall!
" No wakeful warrior in the hall!
" At dead of night the crafty foe
" Ruſhed from the main and ſtruck the vengeful blow.

" To arms, cried MORAN! but in vain!—
" I ſaw my warlike brothers ſlain!
" I ſaw my father's boſom gor'd!
" By Cadwal's numerous hoſt o'erpower'd

" He fell! and from the guſhing wound,
" Reeking and red his life-blood ſtreamed around.

" Mingling with ſmoke I ſaw the fire
" Along the rending walls aſpire!
" Now rage impetuous in the hall!
" (I heard the craſhing rafters fall!)
" Now o'er the roof and turrets high
" It blazes fierce and furious to the ſky.

" O ſpare a helpleſs maiden, ſpare!
" The orphan's piteous pleading hear!—
" They bore me thence. My ſtreaming eyes
" Beheld theſe awful cliffs ariſe.
" Foul raviſher!—Ye rocks, ye waves,
" O ſave me, hide me in your lonely caves!

" Foul raviſher!—yet pale Diſmay
" And Vengeance mark thee for their prey:

Unnerved,

" Unnerved, appalled by conſcious fear,
" Remorſe ſhall drive thee to deſpair:
" My ſpirit, wailing in the blaſt,
" Shall ſhake the counſels of thy guilty breaſt."

'Twas thus ſhe wailed, till by degrees
The voice came broken in the breeze;
The ſeaman, piteous of her woe,
Turned to the ſhore his friendly prow,
But long, alas! ere dawn of day,
The voice grew weak, and feebly dy'd away.

THE

THE ROSE.

AN IDYLLION.

SAID INO, "I prefer the Roſe
"To every vernal flower that blows;
"For when the ſmiling ſeaſons fly,
"And winds and rain deform the ſky,
"And Roſes loſe their vivid bloom,
"Their leaves retain a ſweet perfume.
"Emblem of Virtue! Virtue ſtays
"When Beauty's tranſient hue decays:
"Nor Age, nor Fortune's frowns efface
"Or injure her inherent grace."
"True," anſwered DAPHNIS; "but obſerve,
"Unleſs ſome careful hand preſerve
"The leaves, before their tints decay,
"They fall neglected: blown away

"By

" By wintry winds and beating rains,
" No veſtige of perfume remains.
" Some kindly hand muſt interpoſe,
" For ſore the wintry tempeſt blows,
" And weak and delicate the Roſe."

DAPHNIS AND INO.

AN IDYLLION.

AS DAPHNIS, amorous ſhepherd, ſung
INO the beautiful and young,
" Ceaſe," ſaid the nymph, " let Virtue's praiſe
" Adorn and elevate thy lays:
" The tuneful Muſes were deſign'd
" To raiſe and purify the mind.

" Paint

" Paint the fair feelings of the heart,
" Candor that ſcorns ignoble art,
" Simplicity devoid of guile,
" Pity's ſoft eye, and Mercy's ſmile:
" Nor let the rhyme for ever run
" Sacred to Venus and her ſon."
The obedient ſhepherd told how fair
The native charms of Virtue were,
And how her heavenly ſmiles impart
Ecſtatic rapture to the heart.
" Mild," he ſung, " as orient day,
" And beauteous as the bloom of May,
" She moves with grace, and ſpeaks with eaſe;
" For Nature formed the fair to pleaſe:
" Looſe flow her treſſes to the gale,
" The loveliеſt virgin of the vale."
The gameſome ſhepherds laughed, and ſaid,
" Yes, Virtue is a lovely maid,

" And,

" And, ſtrange to tell, we oft have ſeen
" The goddeſs dancing on the green!
" DAPHNIS even now perceives the fair!
" Why elſe his warm impaſſioned air?
" Why elſe the flames that fire his eye?
" Loſt voice? and pulſes beating high?"
INO bluſhed lovelier than the roſe
That with the dewy morning blows,
And conſcious would have frowned: in vain!
A ſmile ſurprized her! and again
She bluſhed, and would have frowned; but ſtill
The ſportive traitors of her will,
Unbidden ſmiles, the nymph betray'd,
And with her frowns and bluſhes play'd.
" Miſtaken boy!" ſhe cried, " away!
" Nor venture on the moral lay:
" Fit minſtrel of the Idalian grove,
" Go, ſing of Venus and of love."

The diſconcerted ſhepherd ſigh'd:
And to the bluſhing maid replied,
" 'Tis ſaid or ſung, would Virtue deign
" In mortal guiſe to viſit men,
" Glowing with elegant deſire
" All that beheld her would admire.
" With this opinion I agree,
" For, INO, ſhe would ſmile like thee!
" Like thee would ſweetly muſe; thy bloom,
" Thy form and features would aſſume;
" Would mildly cenſure if my lay
" In beauty's praiſe ſhould go aſtray.
" To me, tranſported with my theme,
" Already ye appeared the ſame!
" Shepherds, be candid, was I far to blame?"

THE

THE BEE.

AN IDYLLION.

" THAT Bee," romantic Ino ſaid,
" Gathering the fragrance of the mead,
" With dews, and juices from the dell,
" Aſſiduous ſtores her waxen cell.
" Soon as the vernal zephyr blows,
" Soon as the bluſh of morning glows,
" To banks of thyme ſhe haſtes away,
" And ere the fragrant blooms decay,
" Unwearied loads her little thighs,
" Her work with buſy murmur plies,
" Nor, fluttering vain on idle wing,
" In paſtime waſtes the breathing ſpring,
" Till all the dewy bloſſoms fade,
" And winter deſolate the mead.

" So,

" So, warned by Wiſdom's prudent lore,
" Man ſhould improve the preſent hour,
" And, like the Bee, ſhould ſpurn delay,
" For time will ſwiftly fly away."
She ſaid, but, with a roguiſh ſmile,
Love ſlily liſtened all the while,
And thus reſumed the moral lay,
" Yes, time will ſwiftly fly away:
" To give the formal dame her due,
" Wiſdom for once hath ſpoken true:
" Then haſten, INO, and enjoy
" The hour ere youth and beauty fly."

ON AUTUMN.

TIME flies, how unperceived, away!
Ere while the roſy-boſomed May
Adorned the woods and plains:
Now May's enlivening ſmiles are fled,
And ſee, in yellow robes array'd,
The jolly Autumn reigns.

And ſoon will Autumn diſappear,
Stern Winter deſolate the year,
And ſtorms invade the ſkies.
So man, the pageant of an hour,
Shines for a time in pomp and power,
And then unheard of dies.

Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal ſtate,
Nor the vain glory of the great,

Nor gold, nor glittering gems,
Can purchaſe life: not even a mind
Warm with the love of all mankind
The parting breath redeems.

Yet for the few in Virtue's cauſe,
Who ſpite of Cuſtom's tyrant-laws,
Contemn low-minded Care,
A radiant wreath of power to ſave
Beyond oblivion and the grave
Celeſtial hands prepare.

ON WINTER.

LO! the fragrant flowers decay,
The balmy zephyrs haſte away,
From the ſtorm-engendering north
Black embattled clouds come forth,
And Winter through the lurid air
Rolls his ſable-courſer'd car:
Around him kindred tempeſts croud,
And ſweeping whirlwinds howl aloud.
Uſhered with awful ſtorms that roar
Impetuous from the mountain hoar,
Darkneſs deſcending ſpreads her veil
Of thickeſt gloom on hill and dale,
On lofty hall and turret high,
And not a ſtar illumes the ſky.

Social pleaſures now I ſhare,
While Friendſhip, of enlivening air,
Fills the gaily ſparkling bowl:
To joy unbending all my ſoul,
While blithe good-humour brings along
The witty tale, the lively ſong,
Laughter free, and Converſe gay,
Stealing the gloomy hours away.
Hence Reſerve with ſearching eye,
Malice, and whiſpering Calumny;
Hence Revelry profane and rude,
Ruſticity's unpoliſhed brood;
Ye fell corroding Cares away!
On Avarice or Envy prey.
But if ſublimer joys invite,
Beneath the favouring gloom of night
I trim my lamp, revolve the page,
And ſcan the labours of the ſage:

Chiefly of thoſe whoſe curious art
Explores the mazes of the heart;
Explains what fine connections bind
The kindred ſympathies of mind;
Marks how the grouped ideas riſe
To pleaſe, aſtoniſh, and ſurprize;
And how the various figures flow
Rapid with joy, with ſorrow ſlow;
How wide the ungoverned paſſions roll;
How Rage and Hatred ſhake the ſoul;
How Envy poiſons our repoſe;
And Vice begets a thouſand woes.
Rapt with the theme, O may I feel
How Virtue bids the ſtorm be ſtill,
Bids every raging paſſion ceaſe,
And pours the heavenly beam of peace.
When darkneſs and the tempeſts fly,
If froſts unveil the azure ſky:

Along the ſouthern lea the Muſe
Her ſweetly-penſive walk purſues,
Or by the brown forſaken wood,
Or by the icy-fettered flood.
Though May her glowing tints refuſe,
The rural ſcene invites the Muſe:
Though flaſhing meteors fire the pole,
Though ſtorms deſcend, and thunders roll,
The ſoul, alive to Nature's charms,
Rejoices in her dread alarms.
Even 'mid the waſte of wintry ſkies
Beauty ſalutes poetic eyes;
For ſee! what gems of various ray
Sparkle on the leafleſs ſpray!
Brighter, I ween, than thoſe that ſhine
In the Indian or Brazilian mine.
And where projecting rocks diſtil
Through moſſy chinks the living rill,

What ſtrange enchantment meets my eyes!
Lo! chryſtal battlements ariſe!
Here fairy towers of orient ſheen,
And pillared porticos are ſeen,
Where ſome Elfin dame may dwell,
Sovereign of the potent ſpell.——
Theſe, Winter, theſe delights are thine,
For theſe before thy icy ſhrine
I bend me, and devoutly pay
The tribute of a grateful lay.

THE

THE DEATH OF EIRA.

AN ODE.

STROPHE.

KILDA! by thy winding ſhore,
Cliffs abrupt and mountains hoar,
EIRA, lovely as the morn,
Periſhed frantic and forlorn.
Wild, from yon towering mountain high,
Heard ye not the raven cry?
Through the tempeſt-threatening air
The ſea-fowl ſcreamed afar;
Then down the heaven's ſtupendous ſteep
The ſpirit of the whirlwind rode,
His ſable courſers plowed the deep,
And Ocean's angry ſurges roared aloud.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE.

To the rock whoſe rugged ſides
Drench'd repel th'outrageous tides,
See! the billow-heaving blaſt
Drives the bark with headlong haſte.
The tempeſt rattles in the ſails:
Now nor ſail, nor helm avails!
Ah mariners! in wayward hour
Ye brave the whirlwind's power.—
They periſh! 'twas the cry of woe!—
And now it ſounds a wilder ſtrain!
And now—'tis paſt! at pleaſure blow
Tempeſts! at pleaſure heave the billowy main.

EPODE.

Wild as raging winds and waves,
Wild and weeping EIRA raves,

Beats her boſom, rends her hair!
Her bridegroom periſhed in the main!
Thy ſorrow, EIRA, ſtreams in vain!
No pity ſways the ſtorm's inhuman ear.
Him whom KILDA's maids deplore,
Pleaſing to thy ſoul no more,
On the boiling billow toſt
Down to ERIN's ſhelving coaſt,
Him relentleſs winds and wave
Drive through the deeps and coral caves.
" And there I'll claſp his corſe!" ſhe frantic cried,
And headlong plunged into the roaring tide.

THE

THE INVITATION.

AN IDYLLION.

FAIR Lady, leave parade and ſhow,
O leave thy courtly guiſe a while:
For thee the vernal breezes blow,
And groves, and flowery valleys ſmile:

For no conceited ſelfiſh pride
Corrupts thy taſte for rural joy:
Nor can thy gentle heart abide
The taunting lip, or ſcornful eye.

Nor ſcorn, nor envy harbour here,
Nor diſcord, nor profane deſires:
No flattery ſhall offend thine ear,
For love our faithful ſong inſpires.

When

When ſmiling morn ariſeth gay,
Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn,
Our flocks on flowery uplands ſtray,
Our ſongs ſalute the roſy dawn.

When noon-tide ſcorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade,
We ſeek the cool refreſhing rills
That warble through the green-wood glade.

But when the lucid ſtar of eve
Shines in the weſtern ſky ſerene,
The ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes weave
Fantaſtic meaſures on the green.

O Lady, change thy ſplendid ſtate,
With us a ſhepherdeſs abide;
Contentment dwells not with the great,
But flies from avarice and pride.

The groves invite thee, and our vale,
Where every fragrant bud that blows,
And every ſtream, and every gale
Will yield thee paſtime and repoſe.

THE PAINTER.

AN ANACREONTIC.

WHEN CAEA's ſon aſpir'd to fame,
Aſpir'd to paint the PAPHIAN dame,
Deſpairing even in GREECE to find
In one the numerous charms combin'd
Of mein, and ſhape, and hue, and air,
That conſtitute the peerleſs fair,
And being bound, in love and duty,
To paint a paragon of beauty,

He

He travelled far, and gathered graces,
In various lands, from various faces.
The maidens, emulous of fame,
Crouded where'er the painter came:
One gave the ſoft ſeducing eye,
And one the morn's vermilion dye,
Another gave her flowing hair,
And ſome ſeemed conſcious of their air,
Or bade the ſnowy boſom heave,
Or ſymmetry, or ſweetneſs gave.
In BRITAIN's iſle, in modern times,
Believe me, though I deal in rhymes,
Inſtead of wandering far and near
For bloom and features, ſhape and air,
Charmed in one heavenly form to find
Beauty's ſubduing powers combin'd,
The artiſt would have ſaved his toil,
Had he beheld LAVINIA ſmile.

THE RELAPSE.

AN IDYLLION.

I'M free! no more with dance and ſong,
Shepherds, I join the rural throng,
For love in your aſſembly reigns.
I'm free! I've broke the tyrant's chains.
Hence, far hence now let me ſtray,
Where woods exclude the glare of day,
Where the tumbling high caſcade
Ruſhes through the rocky glade,
Where the mournful ſtock-dove moans,
And the groves return her groans,
And no joyful ſound is near
Rudely to invade mine ear.
Sweet Meditation! nymph that loves
To roam by twilight in the groves,

Conduct

Conduct me to thy mossy cell,
Where all alone thou lovest to dwell,
Save when musing Melancholy
Shuns with thee the noise of folly;
And ever teach me to despise
Of fleeting life the cares or joys.
For what hath life but preying cares,
Slight pleasures, and perpetual fears,
Vain scene of troubles and of toils!
Unless when my LAVINIA smiles.
LAVINIA! how the magic name
Shoots through my soul a living flame!
Subdues me! glides into my song!—
Ah me! these gloomy groves among
I said I would securely rove
Free from the tyranny of love!
In vain!—Adieu, ye lonely streams,
Where meek-eyed Meditation dreams;

Adieu, ye cloſe embowering ſhades,
For love your thickeſt gloom pervades.

HYMN
TO THE MUSE.

STROPHE.

WHILE I tune the votive lay,
And invoke the Muſe's aid,
Hence, ye harpy cares, away!
Nor profane the hallowed ſhade.
Benign inſpirer of my ſong,
O come, and with thee bring along,
Eſſential to the tuneful vein,
Calm quiet, and the ſoul ſerene.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE.

Often have I left the plains,
Left the rural ſports and play,
Careleſs of the nymphs and ſwains,
Of their games and paſtime gay;
By thee of every care beguiled,
Thoughtful I ranged the pathleſs wild,
Where lonely lakes reflect the ſkies,
And groves and hoary rocks ariſe.

EPODE.

Far in the foreſt's awful ſhade,
Where Solitude, of penſive mien,
Reclined beſide the high caſcade,
Admires the wild romantic ſcene,
Pleaſed as the torrent roars along,
Or liſtening to the turtle's ſong;

Often my enchanted eyes
Saw thy myſtic band ariſe,
And thy magic numbers ſtole,
Murmuring ſweetly, on my ſoul.

STROPHE.

Ever as returning ſpring
Smiled auſpicious on the mead,
And the tempeſt's hoary king
Howling in the whirlwind fled,
By thee enlivened and inſpir'd,
By nature's powerful beauty fir'd,
Careleſs of cenſure, blithe and free,
I ſung of nature and of thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

In the ſtream-divided glade,
O how ſweet with thee unſeen,

By the bloomy hawthorn ſhade
To enjoy the penſive ſcene,
When HESPER cloſed the gates of day,
And CYNTHIA, with her ſilver ray,
Ariſing o'er the mountain's brow,
Gladdened the gloomy vale below.

EPODE.

Then iſſuing from their rocky ſhelves,
Where dripping rills faſt-trickling ſtrain
In order meet the fairy-elves
Extend along the flowery plain:
And now the mazy ranks advance,
Revolving wild the myſtic dance;
Shrill the elfin minſtrels ſing,
By the ſtream the ſprightly ring
Lightly trip the dewy plain
Round and round the glow-worm's train.

STROPHE.

Muſe, thy ſweet aſſuaſive power
Soothes my ſoul, aſſailed with grief,
As the ſoft-deſcending ſhower
Gives the ſickening roſe relief,
When o'er the yellow meads and vales
The madding rage of noon prevails,
And flowers and vivid verdure fade,
And ſhepherds ſeek the embowering ſhade.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thee, to Virtue near ally'd,
No ignoble cares controul;
Scorning pomp, deſpiſing pride,
Thine the independent ſoul.
How dear to love and friendſhip thou
Of turtle-eye and placid brow,

For feelings exquiſitely fine
And truth and tenderneſs are thine.

EPODE.

While others in adventrous flight
Soar high on PEGASAEAN wing,
Eager to ſound the bloody fight
And red-ey'd war's terrific king,
Give me, amid the lonely grove,
Unſeen, unheard, with thee to rove,
Free from anxious doubts and fears,
Far from pride and courtly cares,
Pallid envy, fierce debate,
Calumny, and rankling hate.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

O By the gentle gales that blow
Refreſhing from the mountain's brow,
By the vermil bloom of morn,
By the dew-drop on the thorn,
By the ſky-lark's matin lay,
By the flowers that blooming May
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
By the brooks and fuming r'lls,
Come, ſmiling Health, and deign to be
Our queen of rural ſports and glee.
What ſudden radiance gilds the ſkies!
What warblings from the groves ariſe!

A breeze

A breeze more odoriferous blows!
The ſtream more muſically flows!
A brighter ſmile the valley wears!
And lo! the lovely queen appears.
O Health, I know thy blue-bright eye,
Thy dewy lip, thy roſy dye,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
That wins a ſmile from pining care.
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,
Perfuming dews thy treſſes bathe,
The zone of VENUS girds thy waiſt,
The young Loves flutter round thy breaſt,
And on thy path the roſe-winged hours
Scatter their ever-varying flowers.
See! the nymphs and every ſwain
Mingle in thy feſtive train,
With roguiſh winks, and winning wiles,
And whiſpering low, and dimpling ſmiles,

And many a tale, devi'ed with care,
To win the baſhful maiden's ear;
Ard ſweetly ſoothing blandiſhment,
And the coy air of half conſent;
And Joy, and roſe-complexioned Laughter
With tottering footſtep following after.
Goddeſs, ever blithe and fair,
Ever mild and debonair,
Stay with us, and deign to be
Our Queen of rural mirth and glee.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC.

I FAIN would ſmite a louder ſtring,
Of arms and martial feats would ſing,
How WOLF ſubdued the Gallic pride,
And like the conquering THEBAN died:
How foremoſt in the ranks of war,
The ſword of SCOTLAND flamed afar,
Dealt wild deſtruction to the foe,
And laid the howling INDIAN low.
From PINDUS, from CASTALIA's ſtreams,
Deep-read in forms, and learned in names,
I bid the Muſe aſcend ſublime,
And build the everlaſting rhime:
But forms, and long learned words are vain,
Harſh and uncouth the ſtubborn ſtrain.
But when I ſing the power of love,
Melody delights the grove,

Fragrant

Fragrant blooming flowers ariſe,
Breathing incenſe to the ſkies;
Soft as evening zephyrs blow
The ambling eaſy numbers flow,
And by this proof convinced, I ſee,
O Love! I have no Muſe but thee.

IDYLLION

To a GENTLEMAN of the Weſt Indies on his Marriage.

"AND thou haſt dared to wear the chain!
" And flowery may the fetters be!
" If merit can the meed obtain,
" Content will ever ſmile on thee.

" Con-

" Connubial bleſſings ſhall be thine,
" Connubial virtues warm thy breaſt:
" Truth, candour, and good-humour join
" To render thee ſupremely bleſt."

As thus the ſwain, from every hill,
From every vale, and woody plain,
From every brook, and guſhing rill
Wild-nymphs replied in plaintive ſtrain:

" Far from his native glades and groves,
" Far hence our chearful ſhepherd ſtrays,
" Mid ſouthern iſles and oceans roves,
" Nor heeds our gratulating lays.

" Yet here no fiery ray inflames
" The breezeleſs ſky; our zephyrs blow
" Freſh from the mountain; and our ſtreams
" Cool through the verdant valley flow.

" Here

" Here Health of roſeat hue invites,
" Her breath perfumes the downy gale,
" The warbling of her ſong delights
" The echoing green hill and the vale.

" Bleſt with the affections of the fair,
" With truth, and peace, and laſting joy,
" Ne'er may the gloomy cloud of care
" The ſunſhine of his ſoul deſtroy."

Thine abſence thus our valley mourns,
And thus we hail thy tender love:
Echo the ſtrain returns, returns
A mother's voice from G—— grove.

TO

TO HEALTH.

AN IDYLLION.

GENIAL Health! that loves to dwell
Mid the rural wild retreat,
Where the balmy-breathing gale
Aye perfumes thy graſſy ſeat:

Goddeſs of the enlivening ſmile,
On thy cheek the roſes glow,
And thy winning words beguile
Sorrow and the pangs of woe.

Ever on the upland lawn
Warbleſt thou the oaten reed,
When the roſy-featured dawn
Beams upon the yellow mead.

Blithely

Blithely dancing art thou ſeen
With the ſwains and ſilvan maids,
When along the lilied green
Eve her dewy mantle ſpreads.

Goddeſs, from the flowery waſte,
Hear a ſimple ſhepherd's prayer:
Hear our valley's fond requeſt,
And to PHOEBE's bower repair.

With thy lenient breezes come!
With the enlivening ſmile of joy!
O reſtore her fading bloom!
O relume her languid eye!

And I ween no vulgar meed
Shall reward thy guardian care,
If a ſhepherd's ſimple reed
Ever won thy liſtening ear.

THE INVITATION.

Written at ST. PETERSBURGH.

LESBIA, return—I cannot ſay
To flowery fields, and ſeaſons gay:
The Muſe deſponding cannot ſing
Of the ſweet garniture of Spring,
Of ſunny hills, and verdant vales,
And groves, and ſtreams, and gentle gales:
Theſe in more hoſpitable climes
May run mellifluent in my rhimes:
For Winter, hoary and ſevere,
Rules, an imperious deſpot, here.
In chains the headlong flood he binds,
He rides impetuous on the winds,
Before him awful foreſts bend,
And tempeſts in his train contend.

But what though wintry winds prevail,
Though BOREAS ſends his rattling hail,
SIBERIAN ſnows, and many a blaſt
Howling along the dreary waſte,
From SAMOÏDA to the ſhores
Where black with ſtorms the EUXINE roars,
Thy blameleſs wit, thy poliſhed ſenſe,
Can eaſe and gaiety diſpenſe.
Come then, my lovely Maid, and bring
The kindly influence of Spring:
Come with thy animating air,
And nature's weary waſte repair.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

YE vales, ye venerable ſhades,
Ye gloomy groves, romantic glades,
To your retreats I fly;
Remote from pride's diſdainful ſneer,
And Folly's rude, unmeaning leer,
And Envy's venomed eye.
OREADS and DRYADS, ſilvan powers,
Inhabiting the caves and bowers,
Or ye that from the rocks and hills
Send rivers and refreſhing rills,
Propitious guide me to the dells
Where SOLITUDE in quiet dwells.

O have ye ſeen the gentle maid,
Her treſſes waving to the wind,
Like a young ſhepherdeſs array'd,
All in the moſſy cave reclin'd,
Where the fragrant woodbine blows,
And a limpid fountain flows
Murmuring through the vale,
While far amid the deepening grove
Lorn PHILOMEL attunes her love
In wild notes warbling to the according gale?
There muſing MELANCHOLY reigns,
And as ſhe breathes her ſolemn ſtrains,
The penſive thoughts in ſoft ſucceſſion riſe,
Heaves the warm heart, and ſwim the tearful eyes.
O SOLITUDE, of ſoul ſerene,
Of thoughtful eye, and modeſt mein,
Lovely philoſophic maid
Guide me to thy ſilent ſhade!

Often

Often in thy woody dell,
The Muſes tune the charming ſhell
That fills the ſoul with heavenly fires,
Undaunted fortitude inſpires,
Inſpires magnanimous deſigns,
The grovelling appetites refines,
The ſilken bands of pleaſure breaks,
And vice's wide dominion ſhakes.
From thee aroſe the SAMIAN ſong;
From thee the laws of NUMA ſprung;
In later times by thee reveal'd,
LUTHER the beam of truth beheld,
And fearleſs bade the powerful light
Confound the ſpectres of the night;
Night fled with Superſtition's train,
The ſcourge, the rack, the galling chain.
O lead me to the ſolemn groves,
Where heavenly CONTEMPLATION roves:

The holy hermit often ſtrays
Far from the valley's flowery maze,
Sequeſtered on the mountains hoar,
Where foreſts wave, and torrents roar.
Incumbent o'er the rocky ſteep
He views afar the boundleſs deep,
And when the waves of Ocean roll,
Sublime delight ſuſpends his ſoul.
By him the emancipated mind
Leaves narrow Prejudice behind,
Soars high, beyond the ſhrieks of night
Guides unappalled her eagle-flight,
To meet Religion's genuine ray,
" And mingle with the blaze of day."

TO

TO MIRTH.

AN IDYLLION.

HASTE thee, MIRTH, enlivening power,
Parent of the genial hour,
Sportive god without delay
Animate our feſtal day.
Here, where dewy roſes glow,
And the hawthorn bloſſoms blow,
And the lively linnets ſing,
Wave thy pleaſure-breathing wing.
Come, inſpire the feſtive ſtrain;
Come with all thy happy train,
Jovial Sports, alluring Wiles,
Laughter, and the dimpling Smiles.
Leave a while the PAPHIAN grove,
Lo, the radiant Queen of Love,

Ever gentle, ever gay,
Hither wins her eaſy way.
And how lovely ſhe appears!
Ino's form the goddeſs wears,
With her unaffected eaſe,
And her native power to pleaſe,
And her ſweetly-penſive air,
And her ſmiles that baniſh care.
Hark! from every vocal grove,
Shepherds ſwell the raptured ſong,
" Who is ſhe that moves along?
" Ino? or the Queen of Love?"

PLAIN

PLAIN TRUTH.

TO A LADY.

AN ANACREONTIC.

" AWAKE, my muſe! awake, my lyre!
" In DELIA's praiſe: and may the lay,
" Glowing with pure poetic fire,
" Flow copious, elegant, and gay.

" Her virtues and her charms proclaim,
" Proclaim her innocent of guile,
" And gentle; and tranſmit to fame
" The power of her ſubduing ſmile."

'Twas thus, reclined in yonder ſhade,
I oft invoked the muſe's aid:

At length ſhe came; but vaniſhed faſt,
And ſmiling archly as ſhe paſt,
She ſaid, "'Twere better had you choſe
"To tell your tale in honeſt proſe;
"And therefore, when you call me next,
"Take my advice, and change the text;
"Invoke me when you deal in fiction,
"Plain truth needs no poetic diction."

WITH

WITH SOME FLOWERS.

TO A LADY.

AN IDYLLION.

TO thee, ſweet-ſmiling maid, I bring
The beauteous progeny of Spring:
In every breathing bloom I find
Some pleaſing emblem of thy mind.
The bluſhes of that opening roſe
Thy tender modeſty diſcloſe.
Theſe ſnow-white lilies of the vale,
Diffuſing fragrance to the gale,
No oſtentatious tints aſſume,
Vain of their exquiſite perfume;
Careleſs, and ſweet, and mild, we ſee
In theſe a lovely type of thee.

In yonder gay enamelled field
Serene that azure bloſſom ſmil'd;
Not changing with the changeful ſky,
Its faithleſs tints inconſtant fly,
For unimpaired by winds and rain
I ſaw the unaltered hue remain.
So, were thy wild affections prov'd,
Thy heart by fortune's frowns unmov'd,
Pleaſed to adminiſter relief,
In troublous times would ſolace grief,
Theſe flowers with genuine beauty glow;
The tints from Nature's pencil flow;
What artiſt could improve their bloom?
Or meliorate their ſweet perfume?
Fruitleſs the vain attempt. Like theſe,
Thy native truth, thine artleſs eaſe,
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to pleaſe.

RUNNY MEAD.

NOVEMUR ENIM, NESCIO QUO PACTO,
LOCIS IPSIS IN QUIBUS EORUM QUOS
DILIGIMUS AUT ADMIRAMUR
ADSUNT VESTIGIA.

CIC. DE LEG.

A conference between the King and the Barons was appointed at Runny Mead, between Windſor and Staines, a place which has ever ſince been extremely celebrated on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart like open enemies; and, after a debate of a few days, the King, with a facility which was ſomewhat ſuſpicious, ſigned and ſealed the Charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the Great Charter, either granted or ſecured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom.

HUME's HIST. Chap. ii.

RUNNY MEAD.

HERE will I ſtay my ſtranger-ſteps, and greet
This hallowed field. Here, though unſkilled
to breathe
Soft melody, mine oaten reed ſhall pour
The ſong of gratulation. RUNNY MEAD,
Thee I ſalute with reverence! not that May
Accompanied with odoriferous gales,
Viſits thy border, and with herbs and flowers
Arrays thee; nor that THAMES 'mid willowed iſles,
And fruitful field, ſlow-winding from the towers
And groves of WINDSOR, laves thy margin green,
Rendering thee homage; nor that COOPER-HILL,
Adorned with verdure, and renowned in ſong,

Defends thee from the ſultry ſouth. It is
That Freedom honours thee—hail, RUNNY MEAD!
Illuſtrious field! like MARATHON renown'd!
Or SALAMIS, where Freedom on the hoſts
Of PERSIA from her radiant ſword ſhook fear
And dire diſcomfiture! Even now I tread
Where ALBION's antient Barons won the pledge
Of independence. Here on ſtately ſteeds
Gaily capariſoned, their ſhields engrav'd
With fair atchievements, and devices quaint
Of chivalry, with plaited mail and ſpear
High-flaming they advanced. Their brow ſedate,
And ſtedfaſt mein announced the vigorous mind
Determined for the public weal. Rebuk'd
By their ſuperior genius, though begirt
With flattering minions, in thy ſullen eye,
PLANTAGENET! thine abject ſpirit lour'd.

" Think

" Think not," they cried, " thou reigneſt and
art rever'd
" By free-born men to gratify thy pride
" And worthleſs appetites. Miſtaken Prince,
" Can regal titles, like a potent ſpell,
" Confer dominion? or can ſounding phraſe,
" Monarch and Emperor, mere words, convey
" A right to tyrannize? Or haſt thou dream'd
" That choſen genii at the birth of kings
" Preſide auſpicious, forming them for rule
" And high pre-eminence? What earth refin'd
" By ſtellar influence mild, tempered in ſoils
" ELYSIAN, moiſtened with the dews that bathe
" The blooms of PARADISE, hath Nature ſought
" To faſhion princes? Or what obvious proof
" Of peerleſs worth, ſtamped on their outward
form,
" Commands obedience? In the haughty eye,

" And on the lofty forehead, Pride alone
" Hath graved the law, " Obey me, and ſubmit
" Implicit to my will." An impious law,
" Unwarranted by reaſon, and condemn'd
" By the ingenuous dictates of the heart!
" Say, can the Monarch, or proud Baron, boaſt
" Finer materials, or more ſkilled device
" In their formation, or more curious ſhape
" And miniſtry of limbs, than he that plows
" The glebe, and earns his livelihood with toil?
" Yet with no dainty cates the mapple diſh
" Regales his palate; and from wintry winds
" He ſeeks the ſhelter of his humble cot,
" Unenvious of the lofty hall beg'rt
" With towers and battlements. No purer gales
" Inſpire thy panting lungs, than what he breathes
" To woods and wilds in lively-ditted ſong.
" Vain pageantry and long parade of ſtate

" Work-

" Working on idle fancy, fill the crowd
" With gaping wonder: but will pale Diſeaſe
" Regard thy royalty? Or can thy power
" Stay or repell the arm of Death? He comes,
" No ſupple courtier trim, with lip that wears
" Sweet ſilken ſmiles, inviting to the feaſt,
" Or fair aſſembly of ſoft maids. He comes,
" Haggard and ſtern; a ſhape uncouth, with frowns
" Horrific to confound thy pride, and waſte
" Thy pampered carcaſe. Know, to all mankind,
" Nature accords like appetites and powers
" Of genuine pleaſure. The laborious hind
" Like thee enjoys the bed of eaſe; enjoys
" The balmy pleaſures of applauſe; and wooes
" The ſweet endearments of domeſtic life.
" Perchance more muſical the father's name
" Saluteth his ear; the appellation bland
" Of huſband, dews of ſofter bliſs diſtils

" On his conſenting heart, than kings have prov'd
" Amid the glare of courts. What taſtes beſide,
" Thy breaſt ſolicit, or what paſſions fire,
" Require the rule of reaſon: if indulg'd
" Beyond due limits, they degrade the ſoul,
" And poiſon our repoſe. To ſhame the night
" With revelry and riot, to conſume
" The day in torpid ſloth, to be admir'd
" And gazed at by the gaping croud, to fold
" Thy limbs in ſoft apparel, and to feed
" On dainty viands, while continual ſmiles
" Of fawning minions weary thee, behold
" The ſum of thine enjoyments! ſpurious joys!
" The brood of falſe Opinion, in the lap
" Of Flattery nurſt, and foſtered with the ſmiles
" Of ſelf-applauding Vanity. For theſe
" Wouldſt thou enſlave thy fellow-men? deprive
" Them of their native rights? O worſe than wild

" Vora-

" Voracious tyger! he purſues the fawn
" To gratify his natural wants: but thou,
" To gratify thy ſpurious paſſions, born
" Of vice, unowned by nature wouldſt condemn
" Thy fellow-men to miſery. Caſt down
" The proud preſumptuous thought; and ſeek the fame
" To reign thy people's father, to preſerve
" Their independence, and prevent the woes
" That ſpring from anarchy and fierce miſrule."

O gallant chiefs! whether ye ride the winds,
Bound on ſome high commiſſion to confound
The pride of guilty kings; or to alarm
Their coward ſpirits through the realms of night
Hurl the tremendous comet; or in bowers
Of blooming paradiſe enjoy repoſe;
I ween the memory of your patriot-zeal
Exalts your glory, and ſublimes your joy.

That day, reclining in his moſſy hall,
Raiſed on high columns, paved with ores, and roof'd
With chryſtal, underneath the gliding wave,
Amid the aſſembly of the watery powers
Swelling his tide with tributary ſtreams,
THAMES heard the tidings; and his preſcient mind
Was rapt in far futurity. "'Tis done!"
He cried, "'tis done! the mighty deed atchiev'd,
"Big with important iſſues! For a time,
"Though deſtined days of havock and diſmay
"May lour with hideous aſpect, yet athwart
"Theſe glooms horrific, lo! the ſtar of peace
"Ariſeth radiant, ſhedding beams of mild
"Aſſuaſive influence. Lo, ſhe comes! ſhe comes!
"Freedom from her celeſtial bower deſcends
"Girt with refulgent glory, to promote

" The independent virtues, and improve
" The latent principles of human worth.
" Hail, Freedom! hail! Like the pervading beam
" Of TITAN, through all nature kindling life,
" And health, and gladneſs, thy reviving ray
" Exhilarates and warms. Bereft of thee,
" Even in the bowers, and flowery paths of joy
" The ſtruggling ſigh ariſes, chilling fear
" Unnerves the heart, and ſecret pangs of grief
" Prey on the manly ſpirit. Soft the ſmile
" Of orient Morn; and ſweet the ruſtling wing
" Of ZEPHYR riſing from the waſte of flowers,
" And breathing fragrance; but nor orient Morn,
" Nor fragrant ZEPHYR, nor ARABIAN climes,
" Nor gilded cielings, can relieve the ſoul
" Pining in thraldom. On thy ſtep attends
" ASTRAEA ſmiling, to the virtuous mind
" A lovely form, mild, and benevolent;

" But to the ſoul foul with committed crimes
" Frowning, an hideous Gorgon, armed with wrath,
" And clothed with deadly terror. Candid Truth,
" In white apparel, beauteous as the Morn,
" The friend of Juſtice, honoured and careſt
" By Liberty, reviſits earth. Erewhile
" Baniſhed by Superſtition's yells and racks
" Tormenting, by fell tyranny diſmay'd
" And perſecuted to etherial fields
" She winged her luminous flight: behind her clos'd
" Deep darkneſs. Beam, O gentle Goddeſs, beam
" Thy holy light! protected by the ſhield
" Of Liberty, confound the dark deceit,
" The guile of ſpecious prieſthood, and expoſe
" The cruelty and barbarous arts that lurk
" Behind the bannered croſs. In the lone walk
" Of Meditation let thy form ſerene

" Salute

" Salute the pondering ſage, and chear his ſoul
" Labouring in doubts, in wild opinion's maze
" Perplexed and wandering. By thine eye diſpers'd,
" Millions of varying ſhades, and ſhapes uncouth,
" Thin air-blown theories, and ſyſtems wove
" With fancy's woof, gliſtening in tranſient beams
" Of novelty, diſſolve. The unreal form
" Of Error, veſted in the motlied garb
" Of Ignorance and Folly, trickt with ſmiles
" Perfidious, vaniſhes in air. What ſtrains
" Of warbled melody delight my ſoul?
" From groves, and glades, and every winding
ſtream
" Harmony breathes! The powers of ſong awake
" Their numerous deſcant. They in ages paſt
" Hight nymphs PIERIAN, in the AONIAN glades,
" By ſtreams of fair CEPHISUS, or in groves
" Of HELICON, ſweet-ſmiling minſtrels, dealt

" Har-

" Harmony to the liſtening iſles and ſhores
" Of GREECE. How ſoon fair Liberty, betray'd
" By venal arts and foul corruption, fled
" Her cities, and the towers of PALLAS fell
" A prey to thraldom, the melodious choir
" Ceaſed their ſweet warbling. Yet in after times
" Their voice was heard, and when deſpotic power
" Aſſumed the mien of Liberty, a ſtrain
" Energic flowed by TIBER, and the pipe
" In MANTUA warbled. Ah! full ſoon the roar
" And diſſonance of diſcord harſh, and frowns
" Of tyranny, whoſe rugged viſage damps
" The genial fervors of the ſoul, and quells
" The aſpiring ſpirit, marred their heavenly ſong.
" Again they liſt their tuneful voice, and pour
" Their ſweet aſſuaſive numbers. Deadly feuds,
" And war, and carnage, and the groans of death,
" Shall ceaſe: the iſlands and the fruitful vales

" Shall

" Shall ſhout with gladneſs; and the mingled dance,
" The ſprightly tabor, and the pipe ſhall chear
" My willowed banks. Ye villagers, rejoice;
" And ye who cultivate the fertile glebe
" Carrol the gladſome ſong. For you the plain
" Shall wave with wheaten harveſts; and the gale
" From blooming bean-fields ſhall diffuſe perfume.
" In gallant order, o'er my curling wave,
" Arrayed in gay apparel, crowned with gems,
" Commerce exulting guides her burniſhed prow.
" Hail Lady, welcome to the ſhores and ſtreams
" Of ſea-girt ALBION. From the mountain's brow
" Deſcend propitious O ye gales! and ſwell
" The floating canvas. Waft to diſtant ſhores
" The fruits of ALBION's cultured fields; the fleece
" Shorn from her milk-white flocks; and in return,
" Give power and fame to her deſerving race."

He

He ceaſed; and lo! with glad accord the nymphs
Raiſed the ſoft ſymphony: and on thy lap,
Fair field! invoked the foſtering dews, and ſhowers,
And weſtern gales, to ſcatter opening blooms.

Famed RUNNY MEAD! thee I ſurvey with awe
And holy reverence. May no impious ſtep
Profane thy hallowed bounds. O ye, immerſt
In luxury or ſhameful ſloth, the ſlaves
Of pleaſure, who neglect the warning voice
Of public virtue, when a nation's tears
Implore deliverance from oppreſſion's rod,
Or baleful penury!—O ye who dare,
In ſpite of ſhame, regardleſs of contempt,
For paltry gold, or titles falſely deem'd
Honours, your peerleſs birth-right ſell, and bend
Submiſſive to the yoke!—O ye who bathe
Your ſpeech in honied flattery, who mould
Your pliant features to aſſenting ſmiles,

And heap mean incenſe on the ſplendid ſhrine
Of arrogating Pride!—O falſe of heart
Ye who enflamed with avarice, or revenge,
Or envy, or ambition, dare aſſume
The ſemblance of fair Liberty, to fire
The madding multitude, and from her dens
Infernal to provoke the ſnaky fiend,
Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,
Nor taſte this air, nor with licentious ſtep
Profane this hallowed ground. The virgin-choir
PIERIAN here ſhall ſcatter garlands wove
With flowers of ATTICA, and thoſe that bloom
By AGANIPPE's tuneful fount. The powers
And virtues delegated to protect
The human race, with ALBION's antient chiefs,
Shall here aſſemble, and high councils hold
To blaſt the might, to counteract the ſpells

Of

Of VICE; arch-necromancer; and ſecure
The happineſs ordained to mortal man.
And now return, my vagrant Muſe! full bold
Haſt thou adventured, and haſt ſwelled a note
Of higher utterance than befits the reed
Of an unpoliſhed minſtrel. Yet the lay
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward
Of honour, if the illuſtrious few approve
Who value Independence, and have vow'd
By Truth and Virtue to maintain her power.

CORSICA.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXVIII.

CORSICA.

BRITONS, awake! ſhake off the unſeemly bands
Of indolence and pleaſure: from the embrace
Of wantonneſs ariſe: waſte not thoſe powers,
Deſtined by nature for illuſtrious deeds,
In revelry and riot. O how long,
Harrowing the ſoul, ſhall enmity and ſtrife
Diſtract your reaſon, and deſtroy your peace?
What angry ſpirit hath gone forth, poſſeſt
Your troubled minds with diſcord, and enflam'd
The frenzy of ſedition? ſhameleſs race!
The luſt of power, the ſordid thirſt of gain
Compell your hearts; and pleaſure's poiſonous draught

With ſecret, ſwift-conſuming influence, waſtes
Your boaſted vigor. Tame, can ye behold
Oppreſſion, with inhuman rage, purſue
The guiltleſs; burning with unhallowed zeal
To cruſh the free-born, and enthrall the brave?
O CORSICA, for thee my ſpirit grieves!
By nature deſtined the retreat of peace,
And ſmiling freedom; like BRITANNIA, girt
With guardian-waves, thy vales and watered plains
To perſevering toil and culture yield
Abundance; not ſpontaneouſly profuſe
To pamper ſloth, but fertile to reward
The arts of induſtry. In vain thy ſeas
Defend thee, and thy fruitful vales in vain
Have courted freedom. From the LATIAN ſhore,
The ROMAN eagle, ravenous for the prey,
Ravaged thy fields: the CARTHAGINIAN ſpoil'd
Thy flowery vallies: and in later times,

The

The SARACEN defiled thy ſtreams with gore:
Theſe were thy foes profeſt. But under guiſe
Of plighted faith, the falſe LIGURIAN, ſkill'd
In perfidy and guileful arts, impos'd
The yoke of thraldom. Thus from age to age
Thy genius ſtruggled with inceſſant toils;
And what ſuſtained thee but the generous zeal
For independence? Hence thy valiant chief
PASCAL aroſe, from tyranny, and guile
Perfidious, to aſſert thy rights. In vain!
The GAUL inſatiate, burning with the pangs
Of wild ambition thwarted, pours an hoſt
Leagued with injuſtice, to o'erwhelm the ſons
Of freedom, by ingenuous freedom bold.
O CORSICA, for thee my ſpirit grieves!
Moved with compaſſion, while in thought I view
Thy cities deſolate, thy fruitful fields
Ravaged and waſte. Slain in the prime of life

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Thy warriors periſh; and thy hoary ſires
Welter in blood; thy matrons frantic, howl;
And with diſhevelled locks, thy tender maids
Diſgraced, unpitied, wail. Who ſhall ariſe,
Faithful to virtue, and aſſured of fame,
To ſhield the guiltleſs, to defend the weak,
And break oppreſſion's rod? O who hath heard
The voice of Freedom pleading with her ſons?
That voice which penetrates and fires the heart,
Rouzes the powers of action, and diſpels
Pleaſure's deluding dream. To ALBION's cliffs
The goddeſs turns her tender-weeping eye:
So weeps a mother, injured and oppreſt;
So flies for ſuccour to her elder-born,

O BRITONS! let her pleading touch your hearts:
Hath ſhe not cheriſhed you? hath not her power
In perilous times ſuſtained you; and repell'd
The weapons of oppreſſion? Hence your fields

Wave with abundance; and your ſtreets rejoice,
Crouded and active. Hence to every wind
Commerce expands her ſails: from every clime,
From GANGES, and the ſpicy groves of IND,
Or from the weſtern ſhores and iſlands laved
By the ATLANTIC, wealth, the due reward
Of induſtry, pours copious. Proſpering arts,
Planted by Freedom, by her bounteous hand
Upheld, in ALBION fix their choſen ſeat.

But not alone, to pile unbounded wealth,
To cheriſh arts, ſecure and undiſturb'd
To ſhare the plenteous feaſt, and reſt at eaſe
Beneath the bower of peace, hath Heav'n beſtow'd
The precious boon. 'Tis that the minds of men,
Vigorous and unreſtrained, may raiſe their powers,
Put forth the fruits of virtue, and exalt
Their nature to a higher rank. O ye,
Skilful to ſearch the mazes of the heart,

Weigh its perfections, and explore its powers.
Is there a virtue more divinely fair,
More powerful to reſiſt o'erwhelming vice,
And give our faculties, embelliſhed, fir'd
With heavenly energy, to ſoar ſublime,
Than mild Benevolence? her radiant beams
Illuminate the breaſt, diſpell the gloom
Of ſordid paſſions, calm o'erflowing rage,
With genial influence foſter and promote
The ſeeds of upright action, and diffuſe
Joy to the conſcious heart. So blith-eyed Spring
With ſmiles, and gentle airs, temperates the ſky
From biting colds, unbinds the frozen glebe,
And with diſtilling dews prepares the year
For the ſweet progeny of herbs and flowers.
But not alone in the forſaken vale
And woodland path of ſolitude, by deeds
Of private virtue, will the choſen few

Warmed

Warmed with the generous heart, valiant and free,
Improve their native fires. They climb the aſcent
Of high renown: regardleſs of the ſmiles,
The ſoft enticements, and alluring arts
Of indolence and pleaſure, they embrace
The weal of nations: dauntleſs, unappall'd
With perils, and with menaced death atchieve
Actions of bold emprize: and from the ſeat
Of power expel injuſtice. Thus inſpir'd,
BRITONS ariſe! ye who enjoy the ſweets,
The conſcious dignity, the placid ſmile
Of Liberty, impart the bliſs to thoſe
Who pant for independence; yet behold
The yoke ſuſpended, and the fetters forg'd.

Is there a ſtate more piteous than of men
Free-born and brave, doomed by ambition's rage
To pine in thraldom? Heirs of light and life,
Heirs of the bounty poured impartial forth

By nature to her ſons, but of their right,
Their precious birthright, reft by lawleſs power!
Dragged forth reluctant to the galling taſk,
No lenient hopes, no ray of promiſed bliſs
To chear their toil——deſponding and diſmay'd,
While ſtern oppreſſion, with rapacious graſp,
Seizes the pittance, earned with ſleepleſs care,
A ſcant proviſion for their feeble age,
Or death-bed langour——whelmed with ſhame
enflam'd
With thirſt of vengeance, while the ſcourge inflicts
Diſhonourable pain——can they enjoy
The ſmile of peace? or can their humble roof,
Expoſed to inſult, and the ſpoilers rage,
Yield conſolation? Miſery worſe than death,
When free-born men, endowed with godlike powers,
With generous paſſions glowing, are compell'd
To obey the wild deſires, or mean caprice

Of

Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance
The heart revolts, and Virtue cries aloud
Againſt the deed. Chilled by unkindly blights,
Their opening virtues languiſh and decay.
Their features loſe the liberal air of truth
And open candour. Dark ſuſpicion clouds
Their louring viſage; and deceit perverts
Their faltering ſpeech. When pride and avarice warp
The oppreſſor's heart, bar his relentleſs ear
Againſt the prayer of pity, and eraze
The ſenſe of merit from his darkened ſoul;
What ſhield can weakneſs to his ravenous graſp
Oppoſe, but daſtard guile? Can thoſe who groan
Beneath the inhuman taſk, whoſe rueful pangs
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed laſting hate
And thirſt of vengeance in the ſoul, indulge
Tender emotions, and the glowing heart?

O ye

O ye who roll the eye of fierce diſdain,
Impute not to the trembling, tortur'd ſlave,
Condemned by partial fortune to endure
The ſtripes of avarice, and the ſcorn of pride,
Impute not guile, or an unfeeling breaſt.
Ye teach him feelings! your inſatiate rage
His hate exaſperates, and enflames his heart
With rancour and unuſual wrath. 'Twas thus,
The IBERIAN humanized the guiltleſs tribes
Who roamed PERUVIAN foreſts, and the banks
Of ORELLANE, what time, convulſed and torn
With agony, the tortured ſires bequeath'd
Reſentment to their ſons! 'Twas then their hearts
Throbbed with new horror; with unwonted ire
The wild eye reddened, and the virtues fled!
The gentle virtues! In their ſtead aroſe
Diſmay, the counſellor of daſtard deeds,
Revenge, and ruthleſs Hatred. Then were heard

Wail

Wailings and weeping: howled the deſart-caves;
And nature from the roaring torrents ſigh'd.
'Tis Virtue's cauſe.—That plant of healing
power
To aſſuage heart-rending care, reared by the hand
Of ſmiling Liberty, expands, and bears
Sweet fruitage. BRITONS, ere the gathered ſtorm,
Fierce-flying on the whirlwind's waſteful wing,
Scatter wild ruin, followed by the wail
Of unavailing ſorrow, interpoſe
Timely relief, and from the ravening blaſt
Preſerve the goodly bloſſoms. If by deeds
Ye prove your ardour genuine, and your zeal
For independence, not an airy dream,
Know, on your ſpirits the renewing power
Of liberty deſcending, ſhall reſtore
The virtues of your fathers, valour, truth,
And temperance, and juſtice. Who ſhall dare,

When

When thus enlightened, thus renewed, ye feel
Your innate dignity; when bold to act,
And clear to penetrate, ye know the force
And worth of independence; who ſhall da-
By open violence, or inſidious guile,
Provoke your vengeance? When the ATH-
roſe
Heroic to defend the IONIAN ſtates
From PERSIA's arrogating power, the fire
Of public virtue, with intenſer beam,
Glowed in their boſoms, on the gladdened iſles,
Streaming athwart incumbent glooms, diffus'd
Mild radiance; and with bright effulgence blaz'd
Glorious around them, when the numerous hoſt
Of ASIA fled from MARATHON, and ſtain'd
The ſhores of SALAMIS with reeking gore.
What boots it to enjoy the ſmiles of heaven,
The flowery ſeaſons, and the ſoft perfumes

Shook

Shook from the wings of zephyr, and retire
Forgotten to the grave? Is it for this
The mind of man, informed with mighty powers,
Conceives the future, and revolves the paſt,
Reaſons, reflects, and judges? Hark! the voice
Of glory ſummons, bids the ſoul exert
Her faculties, not given to ſleep ſupine
In pleaſure's ſilken lap, but to atchieve
Peerleſs renown. Nor will the laurel earn'd
By deeds of martial hardihood, preſerve
Immortal verdure. Tranſient fame proceeds
From armies vanquiſhed, and from ruined ſtates.
Praiſe follows virtue. Few the THEBAN bands,
And limited the ſcene of their exploits:
Yet Fame with rapture celebrates the chief,
Who, calmly brave, on MANTINAEA's field,
Expired a patriot; turning with diſdain
From the fierce ravagers whoſe numerous hoſts,

Stream-

Streaming from SCYTHIAN and SARMATIAN cliffs,
Deluged the world. Although your conquering ſword,
Heroes of ALBION, on the northern ſhores
Of CANADA, or in the genial iſles,
CUBA and MARTINIQUE, humbled the pride
Of CELTIC and IBERIAN kings, your fame
Shines with diminiſhed ſplendor, if the prayers
Of injured virtue are preferred in vain.
Ariſe diſtinguiſhed! blaſt Ambition's hopes!
Fruſtrate her dark deſigns! the heroic deed
Shall live recorded in the page of fame,
Or warbled by the muſe. The immortal muſe,
From time's impetuous tide, whoſe current ſweeps
Kingdoms and mighty nations down the gulph
Of dark oblivion, reſcues and preſerves
The wreath by virtue earn'd. In future times,

By

By GOLO's ſtreams, or in the cultured plains
Of fair BALAGNA, when ſecure of wrongs,
And lawleſs rule, the peaſant ſhall behold
His ripening harveſts, conſcious of his bliſs,
Thus to his ſons ſhall he rehearſe the praiſe
Of BRITISH virtue——(from their eyes the while,
Tears of ſoft-mingled gratitude and joy,
Sprung genuine from the heart, ſhall ſteal) "My ſons,
"Revere the race of ALBION: when the ſword
"Of ſpoilers roſe againſt us, from afar
"They heard our mourning, and our ſufferin, mov'd
"Their generous hearts. They ſaw, and they admir'd
"The ſpirit of our fathers, unſeduc'd
"By venal arts; unſhaken, undiſmay'd
"By rage tyrannical: they roſe confeſs'd

" Freedom's avengers: trembling and abaſh'd
" The GAUL beheld, and fled as from the wrath
" Of angry heaven."—O ALBION, wilt thou ſcorn
Theſe proffered laurels yielding fairer fame
Than wealth and empire? Shall perfidious ſmiles
Of ſloth entice thy virtue, and unnerve
Thy boaſted ſtrength? Forbid it, Heaven! the bold
Heroic BRITON, true to Freedom's cauſe,
Her rights ſhall vindicate, avenge her wrongs,
And heap confuſion on her faithleſs foes.

THE PROGRESS OF MELANCHOLY.

A VISION.

THE PROGRESS OF MELANCHOLY.

A VISION.

TO A FRIEND.

STILL will thy boſom heave? Still will the cloud
Of ſorrow lour on thy deſponding brow?
O how it grieves me to behold thee grieve!
To ſee thee penſive ſeek the lone retreat
Of Solitude, the nurſe of Woe, and yield

Thy blooming youth a victim to Deſpair!
Baniſh thy ſorrows. With unbiaſſed mind
Weigh thy condition and thy fears; diſcern
With reaſon and with candour, O diſcern
Thy real from thy fancied woes. Beware
Of a diſtempered fancy, for her rod
Endowed with magic potency commands
Unnumbered legions, o'erwhelms the ſoul
With ſorrow and diſmay. Like thee erewhile
Hapleſs I languiſhed, and my youth decayed
Blaſted by fell imaginary cares;
And ſorrow ſtill had laid my boſom waſte,
Still had I languiſhed plaintive and forlorn,
Incapable of action and of joy,
But that my better genius rouſed my ſoul,
From her conſuming lethargy. My friend!
The mild companion of my early days,
Thou of the candid and ingenuous breaſt,

Whoſe

Whoſe praiſe inflamed me in the upward path
Of ſcience and of truth, ſhall I not ſtrive
To wean thee from thy ſorrows, and diffuſe
The balm of comfort on thy troubled ſoul?
Soft was the ſeaſon, for the genial airs
Of ſummer waved their odoriferous wings
On hill and dale, in valley and in grove
Umbrageous. Yet nor ſunny hill, nor dale
Gaily enamel'd, nor irriguous vales,
Nor groves umbrageous could afford me joy.
Sorrowing and ſad I ſought the impervious gloom
Of foreſts, where the ſolitary rocks
Piled ſavage, frowned on my deſponding ſoul.
And now HYPERION in the ATLANTIC main
With AMPHITRITE and the NEREID nymphs
Held converſe; HESPER in the weſtern ſky
His lucid lamp ſuſpended, thro' the vault
Of night diffuſing radiance; till the moon

Peer'd o'er the ſhaggy eaſtern hills, half-veil'd
With clouds and vapours, in fantaſtic ſhapes
Rolled round the horizon. On a moſſy bank
Reclined, beſide a reverend elm, I mus'd
Alone and mournful. From a neighbouring glade
Her melting notes, with many a ſolemn pauſe
And many a warbling, PHILOMEL renew'd.
Faſt by a limpid ſtream, meandring wild
With murmurings ſuited to my ſoul, enticed
My heart with penſive pleaſure, and ere long
Shedding from downy wings his opiate dews,
Soft ſleep deſcended on my weary eyes.
'Twas then a viſion of high import roſe
Refulgent on my ſoul. Before me lay
A valley guarded with impending rocks,
With meads and ſtreams, and ſhady groves adorn'd.
Full many an intricate, and winding way,
And many a thorny, many a flowery path,

Trod

Trod by continual paſſengers, appeared
In various perſpective. Some roſe aloft
To ſtately towers and palaces that crown'd
The ſummit of aſpiring hills, and blaz'd
Effulgent to the ſun. Others retir'd,
Sought the low valley, and the calm retreat
Of groves and deepening glades, by placid ſtreams
Guiding their artleſs mazes. Others led
To flowery bowers and meadows, whence aroſe
The noiſe of merriment, and dance, and ſong.
Not more perplexed and intricate that fam'd
DAEDALIAN labyrinth, where the CRETAN king
And lawgiver, ſage MINOS, held in dire
Captivity the ATHENIAN youth a prey
To the fell MINOTAUR, till THESEUS ſlew
The inſatiate monſter, and gave ATHENS peace.

A while embarraſſed I remained, in doubt
Whither to bend my unexperienced ſtep;
Till iſſuing from a woody dale obſcure
And ſolitary, lo a female form
Drew my attention. Sable her attire,
And flowing; penſive was her air, and ſlow
And graceful was her motion. Blooming health
Her lovely hue embelliſhed; and her eye,
Soft and ſerene, expreſs'd a mind benign,
And gentle, and engaging. Onward ſtill
She moved, and ſeemed ſo lovely, and ſo mild,
And languiſhing, my boſom glow'd with love;
And, as by ſoft contagion, I perceived
Congenial languiſhment poſſeſs my ſoul.
Onward ſhe came; with reverential awe
Lowly I bended. She, with aſpect bland,
Thrice o'er me waved a myrtle bough, and thrice
Shook from the leaves drops of enchanting dew

Cold

Cold and pellucid. Sudden I perceiv'd
My boſom beat with marvellous deſire
To follow her, unparagoned, and ſlow,
And gracefully retiring. To her dell
I followed: till behold, a winged Boy,
Lovely of feature, roſy, and array'd
In white apparel, with his treſſes looſe,
And playing with the ſportive gale, appear'd
Smiling before me. Ever and anon
He ſhook his purple plumage, and a ſhower
Of flowers and fragrant bloſſoms on my path
Deſcended grateful. Then his harmleſs ſports
Jovial he practiſed. "Youth, ſaid he, is blithe,
"And ever lively, and that Power am I.
"Yield thee to me, and to the feſtive vales
"Of pleaſure I will guide thee. Haſte thee, leave
"Pale Melancholy; pale, tho' ſhe appear
"Blooming to thee. Avoid her wayward path,

"And

" And her inſidious converſe; elſe deſpair
" And pain ſhall be thy portion. Haſte away,
" And I will fill thee with delight." " Away!"
Sternly replied the penſive Power, " nor tell
" Of pleaſures and delight! fruitleſs delight!
" Pleaſures that leave a ſting." The Boy abaſh'd
Withdrew reluctant, and his ſcattered flowers
Withered before me. Then with eaſy grace,
With dignity, and with a ſmile, the maid
Addreſſed me wavering: " Think not to receive
" Real enjoyment in the light purſuits,
" And blandiſhment of pleaſure. In her vales
" And flowery arbours, and enchanting groves,
" Vipers and ſerpents lye unſeen to ſting
" The unwary traveller; and in the bowers
" That garniſh her deceitful manſion hang
" Fruits ſwelled with poiſon; lovely they appear,
" Yet they will fill thee with diſeaſe, and pain,

" And

" And ſorrow, and remorſe. Nor idly climb
" The aſcent of vain Ambition; tho' her towers
" Shine with illuſtrious glory, they contain
" Demons and fiends to ſcourge thy ſoul, and oft
" They hurl the hapleſs victim of their power
" Down to the gulph of Infamy, to rue
" In anguiſh and contrition, all the days
" He waſted in purſuit of fame. With me
" And Solitude retiring, thou ſhalt gain
" Immunity from all the various ills
" Attendant on the ſocial ſtate. No guile,
" No ſlandering malice ſhall deſtroy thy peace:
" But thou ſhalt taſte unſpeakable delight,
" And independent, ſuited to the ſtate
" Of man, a wandering paſſenger below."

More than her melting eloquence her air
So languiſhing and tender, and her grace,
And mildneſs of demeanor, and her eye

Swim-

Swimming in tears, ſubdued me. O what high
Ineffable enjoyment ſeized my ſoul,
Soon as I entered that obſcure receſs,
Lonely and devious! Raviſhment divine!
Like that of NUMA, when by TYBER's ſtream,
Secluded from the public view, he rang'd
The woodlands with EGERIA, and his mind
Stored with immortal wiſdom. Cliffs abrupt
And ſhelving rocks incumbent o'er the glade,
On either ſide roſe awful; and below
Deep woods extended their dark umbrage, far
Into the valley. Pines, and mournful yews,
And weeping willows, poplars to the breeze
Waving their foliage, and the cypreſs, grew
Spontaneous in that lone retreat. The ſtreams
And fountains iſſuing from the caverned rocks,
Flowed in meanders murmuring thro' the vale.
At intervals the widowed dove bewail'd

Her

Her mate untimely ſlain. And, tuneful, oft
Amid the twilight of the grove was heard
The tale of TEREUS, and the unequalled wrongs
Of PHILOMELA. How the ſolemn gloom
My ſoul o'erſhadowed! as by gliding ſtreams,
By darkſome grottos, underneath the brow
Of ivyed cliffs, thro' many a winding path,
Many a low valley and forſaken lawn
I ſtrayed with my conductor: ſhe the while
Raviſhed my heart, reciting various tales
Of human ſuffering, and with plenteous tears
Mourning the fate of Virtue, oft compell'd
To bend beneath oppreſſion, and endure
Penury, ſcorn, and inſolent rebuke.
O how her eloquence with rapture fill'd
My boſom, as her tuneful tongue deplor'd
The fleeting nature of terreſtrial bliſs.
Often ſhe pauſed, and ſighing ſore, reſum'd

Her

Her lamentable ſtrain, repeating oft,

" Ah me! how vain the promiſes of joy!

" How vain the viſions of deceitful hope!

" Fair ſmiles the valley in the eye of morn,

" With dewy bloſſoms, and with vernal airs,

" But ſoon the unexpected tempeſt lours,

" And blaſts the beauties of the tranſient ſcene."

Onward we journeyed, and behold the vale
With deeper horror frowned; the ſavage rocks
More ſavage ſeemed; the mazy ſtreams, erewhile
So pleaſing, flowed more ſlowly, and were ſtain'd
With a funeral dye, and murmured hoarſe
And horrible. Even my conductor ſeem'd
Leſs lovely and engaging, for her hue,
Erewhile ſo roſy, left her; in its ſtead
Paleneſs ſuffuſed her features; and her eye
Grew heavy, unenlivened with thoſe mild
And ſweet expreſſions that enticed my heart.

Oft

Oft from the adjacent groves wailings were heard
And lamentations. Imprecations dire,
At times, appalled me. Orphans reft of hope
Wailed with the widow, and with plenteous tears
Bedewed the urns and aſhes of the dead.
From many a glade iſſued the woeful plaint
Of lovers, racked with unabating pangs,
Pierced with the ingratitude and bitter ſcorn
Of thoſe they worſhipped. Many a voice bewail'd
The changes of affection, and the ſmile
Of counterfeited friendſhip. Others griev'd,
Galled with the ſhafts of ſlander, and the wounds
Inflicted by the ſecret hand of guile
Prompted by malice. Bards, who had aſpir'd
To gain the applauſes of APOLLO, mourn'd
Their fruitleſs labour, and their laurels torn
By envy, by unmerited neglect
And cenſure blighted. Many a voice deplor'd

The fall of public virtue, the decay
Of freedom and fair honour, and that craft
And foul ambition gathered the reward
Due to the Patriot. Frequent I beheld,
Graved on the adjacent rocks, inſcriptions, urns,
Devices of ſad import, and the tales
Of thoſe that travelled thro' the dale grown wild,
Gloomy, and rugged, reft of every joy.
My ſoul was ſmitten; when a human form,
Meagre, and gaunt, and ſqualid, from a cave
Faſt by, accoſted me. Of middle age
He ſeemed, and proffered me a cup. I knew
The beverage baneful, yet with reckleſs mind,
By cruel ſorceries compelled, I quaff'd,
Too plenteouſly I quaff'd the invenomed draught,
Brewed by Solicitude of bitter drugs,
And fell infernal mixtures. He, the brood
Of Melancholy, in that dreary cave

Begotten, fatherleſs, with rites abhorr'd,
And muttered incantations, ay contrives
The ruin of the unhappy travellers, lur'd
To tread the mazes of that dire retreat.
Bending on me his haggard eye, with frowns
And ſharp rebuke reproving me, " Behold
" What you have forfeited," he cried, " and loſt."
Then with a rod inſtinct with magic power,
He ſmote the adamantine rocks; and lo,
Parting, they ſhew'd me on the other ſide,
A lovely landſcape, an extenſive plain
Watered with lucid ſtreams, adorned with woods
And lawns and meadows. A delicious gale
Breathed odours, gathered from the fruits and flowers
Of that ARCADIAN ſcene. And ſoon appeared
Shepherds and nymphs, to minſtrelſy of pipes
Dancing in antic meaſures. How I long'd

To ſhare their merriment; alas, in vain!
The fell magician ſmote the rocks; they clos'd,
And barred my paſſage. As an exile, left
Alone on ſome deſerted ſhore, expoſed
To famine and the rage of ſavage beaſts,
Viewing afar the leſſening ſails of thoſe
That left him, ſmites his boſom, and deplores
His direful deſtiny; ſo in that wild
And weary wilderneſs forlorn I wept.
Darkneſs deſcended terrible, and lo,
A threatening ſhape, armed with a cruel ſcourge,
Accompanied with many a demon dire,
Purſued me. It was FEAR, of Fancy born
To fell Solicitude. For Fancy oft
Leaves her ELYSIAN manſions, and her ſmiles
And gay attire, and in the dreary waſte,
Penſive arrayed in a funeral pall,
With Melancholy muſes. Her the fiend,

Amid the gloom of a TARTARIAN grove,
Raviſhed with brutal violence, and impregn'd
With Fear and thoſe miſhapen ſpectres ay
Prompting his rage, and to his dire beheſts
Obſequious. Me he menaced and aſſail'd:
I ran and wept; he followed, and with yells
Appalled me. O what miſeries I endur'd
In rugged paths forlorn; athwart the gloom
Demons and ghaſtly viſages uncouth
Glared horrible. Thick voices indiſtinct,
Behind me, terrified my fainting ſoul;
And oft, ſwift ſhooting thro' the deepening ſhades,
The livid lightening gleamed and often ſcath'd
And cleft the groaning foreſt. Still I urg'd
My miſerable flight, till I attain'd
An awful precipice abrupt. O there
By furious fiends thro' various paths purſu'd
What wretches were aſſembled! Loud lament,

And wailing and fierce frantic ſcreams aroſe
Horrid around me, and beſide me, lo,
Pale MELANCHOLY. "Down ye plaintive crew."
Imperious with a hollow voice ſhe cry'd:
"Down to the regions of Deſpair." They yell'd
And headlong plunged into the dark abyſs.
What horror ſeized me trembling on the verge
Of that tremendous precipice!—a while
Irreſolute I ſtood: Fear urged behind
With his infernal furies; and the fiend
Solicitude, and Melancholy, now
A loathſome hag. O Heaven! I cry'd. A flood
Around me blazed of unexpected day.
The ſpectres vaniſhed. From an opening cloud
A radiant form, as of a ſeraph, girt
With robes effulgent, down the bending ſky
Came gliding. Soon my boſom recogniz'd
The majeſty of WISDOM, tempered ſweet

With condeſcending mildneſs. With a voice
Full of ſubduing melody, benign
And awful, he addreſſed me. " Haſte thee hence.
" Leave the retreats of Solitude: forego
" The fellowſhip and wizard-arts of her
" That late enticed thee, and betrayed thy ſoul
" To Sorrow, urging thee to wild Deſpair.
" Know, to Deſpair, magician dire, is given
" Leave, for a time, to ſend his engines vile,
" His crafty emiſſaries, to aſſail
" Mankind by violence, or by guile to prove
" Their manhood, and reliance in the Power
" That rules the univerſe. Leave the abyſs
" Of ſorrow, and unfathomable woe.
" Seek the purſuits of ſocial life: engage
" In action: nor with overweening care
" Anxious anticipate events. To Heaven
" Leave every iſſue. Act as it becomes

" A reaſonable, active being, form'd
" By a beneficent, omniſcient Power
" Supreme in the creation. To conduct
" Thy ſteps from this inhoſpitable wild,
" To guide thee to the vale of Peace, to ſhed
" Flowers on thy paſſage, and to lift thy ſoul
" With glad preſages, ſmiling in the prime
" Of lovely youth, HOPE on celeſtial wings
" Salutes thee. Be of comfort."—I awoke.
The viſion vaniſhed. In the eaſtern ſky,
Arrayed with radiance, in his golden car,
PHOEBUS appeared. Rayleſs and pale, the moon
Sunk waning in the weſt. The hovering miſts
Involved the mountains in their fleecy ſkirts.
The tuneful nightingale her mournful tale
Ceaſed: in her ſtead the merry lark aroſe,
And hailed the morning. Underneath, the vale
So lovely with her cultivated fields,

Her

Her azure rivers, and her vocal groves,
Her humble cottages, her lowing herds,
Her ſhepherds piping, while their chearful flocks
The dewy upland browzed, my ſoul inſpir'd
With peace, and gratitude, and ſoft delight.

RURAL TALES.

RURAL TALES.

ROWENA.

WHY, lovely daughter of the vale, deſcend
Thy tears faſt-trickling? To the deſart-
gale
Flow thy diſhevelled treſſes? On thy cheek
Fades the young roſe with pining grief. Diſpel
Thy riſing fears, nor wildly-gazing turn
Inceſſant to the vacant ſhapeleſs air
Thine eye diſordered. "See that pallid form!"
Anſwered the maid, "beckoning on me with
frowns
"And fierce demeanor! ſee that boſom gor'd
"With welling wounds!—On me, ill-fated youth,
"Bend not ſevere thy ſtern accuſing eye;
"For I am guiltleſs of thy blood. This breaſt

"Was

" Was ever faithful to my plighted vow:
" Witneſs the ſighing of my broken heart!
" Witneſs the wailing of my ſleepleſs nights!
" Witneſs my days of anguiſh! and my tears
" Shed hourly on thy grave.——Fair as yon aſh
" Waving its foliage to the mountain's breeze
" Was EDWIN, gentle as the gale of ſpring;
" But if enraged, wild as the roaring deep
" Chafed by the tempeſt. Me the luckleſs youth
" Preferred, and pleaſing to mine artleſs ear
" Breathed the ſoft language of his ſoul. My faith
" Was early plighted, and my conſtant heart
" Preſerved the impreſſion of his peerleſs form
" Indelible. But in ill-omened hour
" Came EDRED; ſkilled in guileful arts, he ſmil'd
" On every maid, and whiſpered ſtudied tales
" To the believing virgins. Me he ſtrove
" Inſidious to ſeduce, but ſtrove in vain.

" Yet

" Yet not unpleaſing to mine ear his ſpeech
" Deviſed with cunning, and with courtly phraſe
" Embelliſhed. Oft my bluſhes mixt with ſmiles
" Betrayed my flattered vanity, and fed
" His lawleſs hope. EDWIN perceived! his ſoul
" Stung with reſentment, and with jealous rage
" Impaſſioned, flamed a fierce devouring fire.
" He challenged EDRED to the field: they fought
" Beſide yon brawling rivulet, and their gore
" Defiled the lucid ſtream. By mutual wounds
" Both fell, and dying 'gainſt ROWENA pour'd
" Dire imprecations. Sure the holy ſaints
" Their curſes ratified; for ſince that day
" No ray of peace hath viſited my ſoul.
" By horror haunted, reſtleſs and diſmay'd,
" Hourly I tremble, hourly I decay.
" Sorrow conſumes me! Soon this weary heart
" Shall ceaſe from ſighs and anguiſh in the duſt."

THE

THE
FATE OF AVARICE.

BESIDE that glade behold a ſhapeleſs mound
O'ergrown and ſhagged with noiſome weeds
and ſhrubs
Of poiſonous quality. A fir-tree ſcath'd
By the blue lightening ſpreads her withered arms
Acroſs. Our herds and bleating flocks afar
View it aſkance. For know, no living thing
Its tangling brakes approacheth, ſave the bat
Flitting nocturnal, or the ill-omened owl,
Or noxious reptiles; ſave at midnight hour
That yells and howlings iſſuing forth appall
The wandering ſhepherd, while athwart the ſhade
Fierce fiery viſages with geſture ſtrange
Gleam terrible. An impious corſe interred

Beneath

Beneath the unhallowed heap, vitiates the growth
Of flowers and tender herbs, tainting the dews
And foſtering juices, or with noxious ſteams
Infecting the ſweet air. The ſordid wretch
In hoarded wealth abounding ne'er unbarr'd
His portal to the ſtranger, ne'er attir'd
The naked, nor the hungry orphan fed:
The needy never ſhared of his abundance;
Nor bleſt his ripening harveſts. Holy Heaven
Regarded him with pity, and with-held
Due puniſhment till his relentleſs arm
Oppreſt the weeping widow, and condemn'd
Her age to miſery and pinching want.
Then the red arm of vengeance lanced the bolt
Unerring. His unrighteous wealth, amaſs'd
By rapine, periſhed: his devoted barns
Flamed with avenging fire: infuriate fiends
Poſſeſt his boſom: maddening he forſook

The abodes of men, and to the midnight ſhades
Howled dolorous. At length where yonder heap
Ariſeth, his blaſpheming ſpirit burſt
Her tenement, and left an odious carcaſe.

THE NAIAD.

YOU aſk the cauſe, LAVINIA, why the nymph
Of this meandring ſtream, the ſouthern vale
Neglecting, heedleſs of the enamelled lawns
And meadows, northward through the lurid heath
Purſues her ſolitary way? Then liſt
A tale full oft by ſhepherd ſwains rehears'd
On days of feſtival. In antient times,
ALTANABRECK this lovely NAIAD woo'd
In THETIS bower, a ſea-nymph ſweet of voice

And

And muſical of utterance. Feats atchiev'd
By heroes, and exploits of bold emprize
The NEREID ſung melodious; and for this
The Goddeſs of the coral grove beſtow'd
A ſilver urn, by VULCAN's cunning ſkill
Engraved with myſtic figures, and with ſtreams
Amply repleniſhed. Due obeiſance paid,
The nymph departed and commenced her ſway.
Pleaſed with the verdure of our ſouthern vale,
" Here," ſaid the virgin, " ſhall my limpid ſtream
" Flow garrulous through groves and echoing
glades;
" Anon through verdant meadows, to the flowers
" Imparting moiſture, to the ſhepherd ſwains
" Warbling wild melody."—The nymph was fair
And blooming: and her artleſs beauty won
The heart of PHOEBUS. " Yield thee, gentle
nymph,

" Nor ſcorn the love of PHOEBUS," (thus the God
His prayer addreſt) and on thy margin green
" With genial influence ſhall my beams deſcend
" Fruitful of flowers and herbage. Thee the ſwains
" Shall celebrate, the ſweetly-dittied ſong
" Myſelf inſpiring." But in vain the God
His amorous ſuit preferred; diſdainful ſpeech
And ſcorn his ſole requital. Then in wrath,
" Depart," he cried, " perverſe and prideful
nymph!
" Nor ſhall thy pride avail thee: northward bend
" Thy ſullen courſe, nor meet my fervid ray
" Unleſs to prove my vengeance, and deplore
" Thy tiny urn exhauſted. More to quell
" Thy froward ſpirit, be thy name uncouth
" And ſtubborn like thy nature, all unmeet
" To flow melodious in poetic rhyme."
The NAIAD heard indignant, nor replied;

Nor

Nor of her choice repenting, northward turn'd
Her tuneful current. Penſive on her urn
Reclining her the Goddeſs of the bow,
DIAN accompanied with quivered nymphs
Hailed, and with gentle greeting thus conſol'd:
" Hail, honoured virgin! by thy trial prov'd
" Deſerving. When thy watry charge allows,
" Or due attendance in the coral bower
" Of ſilver-ſlippered THETIS, 'mid the rocks,
" And woody dales, and upland lawns, with me
" Purſue the rapid deer. Dreary the waſte
" Lav'd by thy lucid ſtream: nor yet repine:
" On thy green margin ſhall my DRYAD nymphs
" Raiſe bloomy ſhrubs, impregnating the gale
" With fragrance, and with interwoven boughs
" Veiling thy current from intruſive beams.
" Unmuſical thy name——ſuch the decree
" Of ſtern APOLLO——yet thy winding ſtreams

" Flow muſical!—how ſweet their warmbling din
" Heard by the ſhepherd haſtening from the hill
" At noontide to allay his thirſt! For this,
" On feſtal days aſſembling, grateful ſwains,
" Breathing the wildly-dittied ſong, ſhall hymn
" Thy name with PALES and protecting PAN."

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXXI

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?
Cui Pudor et Juſtitiae ſoror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullam inveniet parem! HOR.

'TIS the deluſion of ſome hideous dream!
Some horrid fantaſy that haunts my ſoul
With images of woe.—O that it were
A tranſient fantaſy! too well my heart
Feels her misfortune, feels the dreadful truth
That LUCIA moulders in an early grave.
O ye that honour virtue, that eſteem
Nobility of ſoul, the generous heart,

The boſom moved by pity to aſſuage
The pangs of ſorrow, and diſpel the fears
Of want and pale deſpondency, lament!
She who was ever gentle and benign,
The friend of ſorrow, moulders in the duſt.
O ye that tread the Muſes flowery path,
Here ſcatter garlands, ſcatter roſes here:
This meed ſhe merits, for ſhe loved the Muſe,
And could diſtinguiſh with diſcerning taſte,
The various beauties of immortal ſong.
Lament ye Muſes, mourn ye generous arts,
Ye that ennoble and refine the ſoul,
Your candid friend, your patroneſs, lament!
O ye untainted by contagious vice,
Ye who have feelings to diſcern the grace
Of true religion, your congenial ſouls,
Melting in tender ſympathy, will grieve,
Grieve for yourſelves, and that a downward age,

To folly and malignant error prone,
Hath loſt a pattern of ſurpaſſing worth.
Unblemiſhed innocence! ingenuous truth!
Religion pure, and rational, and mild!
Engaging manners! charity! and all
The affections that embelliſh and exalt
The human heart, ah whither will ye fly
For refuge from a perſecuting world!
For LUCIA ſleeps untimely in the duſt.
O ye ſupreme in ſorrow, who deplore
A wife! a parent! O forgive the Muſe
Who thus intrudes on your becoming woe,
Mingling with yours her genuine tear, the tear
That flows from gratitude, the tribute due
To peerleſs merit. Could the Muſe impart
A ray of conſolation!——fruitleſs wiſh!
Lo, other comforters! the cherub-choir
That calm'd her parting moments, Patience crown'd

With

With an immortal garland, ſmiling Hope,
And meek-eyed Reſignation, heavenly forms,
That ſoothed her ſtruggling ſoul, and bade her fear
No danger in the dark and trying hour
Of diſſolution. See! on you they bend
Their gracious aſpect: and with them behold
The diſembodied ſpirit, now a pure
Angelic nature. O to theſe reſign
The empire of your ſouls, for they have power,
Not to remove, but to alleviate woe,
To ſoften and improve the tender pang,
And ſo reſtore you to the path of peace.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

A PROLOGUE

ON THE

OPENING OF AN ENGLISH THEATRE AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

WITHOUT the aid of ornament or art,
To ſpeak the language of a grateful heart,
I come reſpectful. Little known to fame,
Through ſtormy ſeas to diſtant ſhores we came;
And to us BRITONS, in a foreign land,
BRITONS held forth the kind protecting hand.
Friendleſs we came; but every BRITISH heart
In all our intereſts took a friendly part;

Ye

Ye cheared our hopes, diſpelled our anxious fear,
And made our welfare your peculiar care.
Fair fame attend you! O may due ſucceſs
Reward your merit, and your labours bleſs!
Kind as ye are, and generous, may ye ſtill
Enjoy the power, as ye poſſeſs the will!
Peace be your portion! from your dwellings far
Be baniſhed Sorrow and corroding Care!

The rulers of this land beheld with joy
How BRITISH hearts on BRITISH hearts rely,
How ALBION's ſons, incapable of change,
Through no variety of friendſhips range,
Kind without intereſt, with affection true,
Generous and conſtant where their faith is due.

The rulers of this land whoſe hoſts defy'd
The rage of infidels, and quelled their pride,
Made KAHUL's ſtreams with ſlaughtered foes run red,
Heaped BENDER's walls with thouſands of the dead,

Undaunted

Undaunted in the gallant ſtrife of arms,
Even to BYZANTIUM carried dire alarms,
Tinged the AEGAEN wave with OTTOMAN gore,
And ſhook with terror ASIA's diſtant ſhore;
They ſaw your goodneſs, felt it, and were mov'd
To emulate the worth their ſouls approv'd;
This generous ſympathy their favour drew;
Us they applauded, but they honoured you.
With goodneſs in extreme, even from the throne
The radiance of the imperial bounty ſhone,
Beamed glory round us, raiſed us from the ground,
And bade us bloom, and bade our fruits abound.
Far through the nations may that radiance ſhine
Supremely bright, beneficent, benign,
To foſter Merit, from the haunts of men
To baniſh Diſcord and her ghaſtly train;
Envy ſhall pine and ſicken at the ſight,
And TURKISH creſcents mingle with the night.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

AH ſhepherds! what a lamentable change!
Behold that cheek, where youth and beauty bloom'd,
Lifeleſs and pale! Extinguiſhed now the beam
That ſhone erewhile in her expreſſive eye,
An image of her ſoul, ſerene, and ſoft,
And lovely, and ſubduing! ah! no more
Warbles the muſic of her tuneful voice.
Silent ſhe lies, regardleſs of our woe!
Wake, lovely maid!—But ſhe can ne'er awake!
For who can burſt the fetters of the grave?
O ſhe was lovely and beloved: her ſmile
Gave rapture to the ſoul. When ſhe adorn'd
The feſtive dance, no other paſtime ſtay'd

The nymphs and ſhepherds: from the hills they came,
Beheld her and admir'd. So, and 'tis ſung
On days of feſtival by rural bards,
When kind enlivening ſuns with genial warmth
Impregnating the glebe, call forth the Roſe,
Through groves and glades the joyful tidings run,
And in full haſte the SILVANS and the FAUNS,
Aſſembling round from dells and dripping caves,
Bleſs the fair plant, and hail her Queen of Flowers.
OREADS and DRYADS, every ſilvan power
Worſhipped in grove and valley, whither ſtray'd
Your wandering footſteps at this awful hour?
Could not your heavenly charms, your tuneful voice,
Have ſoothed the rage of rueful fate, and ſtay'd
The lethal blow? Ah me! if heavenly charms,
If ſofteſt melody could ſoothe the rage
Of rueful fate, our PHOEBE had not died.

Ah what avails it that ſubduing grace
Faſhioned her lovely form? Of what avail
That ſhe was gentle? Can the ingenuous breaſt,
The ſoul of truth unblemiſhed and ſerene,
The bluſh of modeſty, the tender heart,
Can they repel the ruthleſs arm of death?
Flow, flow, ye tears! inhuman death regards
Nor youth, nor beauty. Like a treacherous froſt
That ſpreads at even his cold hand on a bank
Of fragrant flowers, and ſoon the vivid tints
Languiſh, and fade, and mingle with the duſt,
Death ſtole upon her, and by ſlow degrees
Waſted her opening prime, and long delay'd,
As if in pity, long delayed the blow;
At length he ſmote——and plunged us in deſpair.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

WRITTEN, M.DCC.LXVI.

TWO trees, the glory of the foreſt, grew
Beauteous with interwoven boughs. The morn
Roſe ſmiling, clad in vermil blooms: her dews
Spangled their waving foliage, and her gales
Around them breathed perfume. The ſilvan ſwains
Beheld them and admired; and to the hills
And vales, in ſweetly-dittied ſong, proclaim'd

Their praiſe unbidden: while the gentle nymphs
Gathering the bloſſoms of returning ſpring,
And hung their chaplets on the leafy boughs,
But ere HYPERION on his noon-tide throne
Exalted in the midſt of heaven, diſplay'd
Meridian majeſty, a tempeſt roſe,
A ſore diſtreſſing tempeſt, and o'erwhelm'd
The goodly pair.——Witneſs, ye doleful groves,
Ye rocks, ye murmuring ſtreamlets, how the vale
Was filled with ſorrow. Then the woodland nymphs
Tore their fair treſſes, beat their ſnowy breaſts,
And wept and mourned. No more the ſhepherd-boy
Tended his milk-white younglings, and his pipe
Poured the ſad wailing of heart-rending grief.——
Forgive, bright ſhades! the mournful ſwain who brings
This tribute to your tomb. Who would not grieve
When Merit in the blooming prime of life,

Adorned

Adorned with high nobility, is ſwept
Into the clay-cold grave! O chief for thee,
Fair Lady! pattern of connubial love,
The muſe laments. For thee the Virtues weave
A wreath immortal; and thy peerleſs praiſe
Shall be preſerved by CALEDONIA's dames.

VERSES TO A LADY,

WITH THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

FAIR LADY! this affecting lay peruſe,
The genuine offspring of the DORIC Muſe:
The Muſe erewhile on CALEDONIA'S plains
That charmed the foreſts with mellifluent ſtrains.
Copious and clear where LEVEN glides along,
Where TWEDA liſtens to the ſhepherds ſong,
Where SPEY impetuous pours his rapid tide,
Or in the valley of commercial CLYDE,
By winding FORTH, or by the ſilver TAY,
Warbling ſhe welcomed the return of MAY.
Cold now the hands, extinct the heavenly fire
That waked to ecſtaſy the living lyre;

No

No more the energy of ſong pervades
Our ſilent valleys, and forſaken glades;
No more the green hill and the deepening grove
Reſound the longing, languid voice of love:
For HAMILTON the Loves and Graces mourn;
And tuneful Muſes weep at RAMSAY's urn.

THE NOBLE HERMIT.

A FRAGMENT.

The author deſigned a dramatic poem on the ſubject of Mr. CARTWRIGHT's ARMINE and ELVIRA, but want of leiſure prevented his executing any more of it than the following introductory ſcene.

HAIL, lovely Morn! hail, thou reviving beam
That gilds the orient, chaſing to the weſt
The damps and ſhadows in the rear of night!
Hail, blooming fields! ye vernal groves, array'd
With beauty, where a thouſand feathered ſongſters
Mingle their melodies, I greet you well.
Ye murmuring brooks, ye rivulets, and ye rocks
Incumbent o'er this ſolitary vale,

My grateful ſalutation ye deſerve;
For ye have granted me benign compoſure,
Sweet peace of mind, and freedom from the goad
Of tyrannizing paſſion. Precious gifts!
To him that eſtimates their worth aright,
More valuable far than wealth or grandeur.
In vain amid the din and pomp of war,
'Mid clanging armour, burniſhed helms and ſpears,
And prancing ſteeds capariſoned, and all
The dread array of marſhalled hoſts, in vain
I ſought to find them. Calm Contentment flies
To ſhades and ſolitude. I ne'er beheld
Her placid eye amid the glare of courts,
The lofty palace, the ſtupendous dome,
The fretted roof, the ſculptured pillar hewn
With rare device of maſonry, the hall
With minſtrelſy reſounding, and the feaſt,
What are they? The reſort of Quiet? No!

Of

Of Envy rather, and of bitter Rancour.
Calm Quiet have I found thee!—Yet one care
Alarms my boſom like a ſullen cloud
Flying athwart the vernal ſky. My ARMINE,
The prop of my declining age, the ſolace
And treaſure of my ſoul, brooks not a life
Of lone retirement and inglorious eaſe.
Eager he pants for arms, and to diſtinguiſh
His name by feats of hardihood. He errs.
For glory is not aye the meed of valour,
But oft the recompence of glozing cowards,
While injured Merit eats the bread of care.
But I muſt medicine this his fond conceit,
And that right ſkilfully; for if he knew
The fame of his high anceſtry, derived
From ODIN, and the purple tide that flows
Impetuous in his veins, tranſmitted pure
Through a long line of heroes, and that I,

Beneath

Beneath the banner of the holy Croſs,
Fought not inglorious, when bold GODFREY led
The flower of EUROPE to JERUSALEM,
Not all the wiſdom of the cloiſtered ſage,
Nor all the reverence that he bears his father,
Cold rein his fiery ſoul. * * *

THE END.

3JU71